

## Cream Of The Crop

Chris Travis

Hit that bitch, I'm a boss  
Ain't got time for no thought  
Bitch I live like Rick Ross  
Keep the back, connect the dots  
Never let a nigga cross, get the cream of the crop  
Bitch I feel like [?] and you know I'ma shoot my shot (bitch)

Dammit she ugly and look like a [?]  
Pull up my body, she forward [?]  
These niggas can't even rap took a height  
I murder shit and I don't say goodbye  
Fuck all your hatin', my hands to the sky  
Want me to fall but too bad I can fly  
I might break a discuss and my beat took you high  
But it hit to your gallera, eat it like pie

I'm a pilot in a cockpit when I spit these moshpits  
Cooked out her nauseous, told her drink with caution  
Nigga you is not dis', cook you like some biscuit  
Nigga I be walkin', all I know is foreign shit

I top flouring with my current  
I'm a extra cool  
I got truth, not in mood, thought I'll let you know  
Catch you smilin' in my face [?] extra small  
I break rules, make calls, shoutout Mexico  
Tell that bitch, drink this water, flowin' on sorrow  
Drink it out the bottle while the boys be your army  
Trapped up in [?]  
Ready to harm shit  
Niggas so harmless, stay on my own shit

I got image on display  
I'm a monster out of cage  
Hit your motherfucking face  
Bitch I feel like Johnny Cage  
Leave you shredded in a lake  
Pussyboy don't wanna fade  
Let my power penetrate to his mothefucking face